



## **Pennywise X Reader : The Tastiest Adult** by **ruvik-haunting-eyes**

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**Summary:** The idea of giving up on a prey had never crossed his transcendent mind. Never mind. He knew how to be patient. And that would make the hunting more interesting. It turns out that your stubbornness would give him an intense craving for a new challenge: to thwart the complexity of adult fears.

## **Pennywise X Reader : The Tastiest Adult**

[Note of the author : It's the first time I'm writing something like this. Hope you'll like it ! I'm sorry if there are mistakes : English is not my native language.]

**\*Cette histoire est disponible en Français. Consultez mon profil.\***

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You pull the collar of your coat close around you in the night freshly fallen on the narrow little streets that you take nonchalantly. You just got out of your little student job, and like every night, you're not in a hurry to get home. Your home is no more than a series of insomniac nights, crushingly boring. You never know what movie to put on, occasionally, you devour everything you can find in your cupboard. You have nothing to do except feeling sorry your completely uninteresting life. Usually, the night is for you another means of escape, of reverie. Eyes looking in the direction of the stars, you can not help but stare at the moon that dominates the sky that night. She is beautiful and above all, incredibly close to you. You've never seen anything like this, except from the close-ups in the movies or this kind of photos on the internet capturing nature in all its splendor, so much so that you remain skeptical about the veracity of these shots. Nevertheless, it is a feeling of unease that makes you shiver from head to toe, not the cold that emerges from this graceful but strange night. You can't know why. You keep dragging your feet and put your perplexity aside, but as if you could have predicted the future for a short time, a leather-gloved hand judging by the smell of it confirms your bad feeling by grabbing your mouth firmly.

- "You better obey you bitch," erupts a man you don't manage to see the face yet, the latter dragging you aggressively against a wall.

You start screaming and struggling with the rage of a lioness as he rushes to undo your clothes. Your relentlessness pays off in the end and gives you the opportunity to turn around to assault him with blows as strong as your frail physique can expel. You attack him in the face and with a punch, you manage to make him bleed from the mouth. The aggressor recoils, grumbling with pain but especially by your effrontery. His face, partially obscured by the darkness of the

night, reveals a ferocity that was likely going to make you regret your actions. He grabs your neck and staunchly presses you against the wall with an increased strength. With a fanatic hatred, he administers a knee in the pit of your belly, determined to silence your rebellion. Your body twists in shock. He takes the opportunity to take a small penknife out of his jeans pocket while you cough to the point of having the impression that you are going to vomit your guts.

- "Didn't you understand what I said just before ?!" he fulminates.

He straighten you before softening his voice, falsely imitating a sweet and benevolent tone.

- "A demonstration would be more telling maybe ?"

In one smooth motion, he tears a part of your white blouse with his blade.

But he stops, shocked at what he discovers. Even in his darkest intentions.

With a stupefaction unsuspected until then, he notices a myriad of disturbing bruises and bites. The one that holds his full attention, is an abnormally large bite that stretches from the hollow of your neck to your chest. Under the bewildered eyes of the aggressor, your head tilts back and you let out a long laugh in a whisper, almost imperceptive to the ear. But no less crazy, almost psychotic. When your eyes meet his again, your face displays an austerity that continues to disconcert him.

- "I'm not afraid of you. *Not in the least*," you pronounce with a particularly slow elocution on these last words.

Aphasic at first, the man tries to threaten you by pointing his knife right under your eyes, the tip dangerously pricking your skin.

- "What's your game you b-"

- "This is one of the few advantages, for us humans, to know "It", you interrupt.

A ominous silence falls while he stares at you with incomprehension

even more.

- "Once our road meets his - in fact, it's quite the opposite- it's almost impossible to be impressed by anything else for the rest of our lives. Assuming that you'll survive..."

*You'll learn that the hard way.*

It is the repartee you're thinking, without real conviction. It is unthinkable for him to come to help you, even less save you. However, an agitated laugh interrupts all your thoughts. For a moment, you remain incredulous and prefer to quickly put that on the account of your imagination to avoid disappointment. But new playful laughs make you reconsider this completely incongruous hope. Could it be that the evening reserves another surprise? One thing's for sure, that of your attacker will surely be appreciated one-way.

Far echoes of frantic laughs resonate through the walls of the lugubrious alley. They are irregular. Sometimes deep. Sometimes exalted.

Drops of sweat flowing down his forehead, the man begins to inspect every corner around him, even the most unlikely places.

- "W-who's there ?!" he panicks.

The laughs grow stronger. They are getting closer. Nervously, the aggressor releases you and you collapse on the ground, suffering by the pain of your wounds. A long silence persists before a last inhuman laugh detonates right in your ear, suspending your heartbeat. The man must have heard the same thing as you, as he falls miserably to the ground in turn, swallowing and stammering with fear. You even swear he starts crying. A balloon appears and seems to float very precisely towards the man.

- "Come and have fun with the clown Ray," rejoices a voice that is now very familiar to you, but whose silhouette still does not deign to show up.

The aggressor does not try to understand anymore and begins to run

for his life. You observe him, off balance, rushing forward the end of the alley where two directions are available : left, or right. But before he has the chance to turn, the man stops suddenly in front of the arrogant inscriptions which are taking shape. They give him indications to disrupt or facilitate his choices, it only depends on the humor of the one who is master of the trap.

*Die*

*Or*

*Die*

?

In a corner of his head, his survival instinct screams, insults the reasoning that analyzes this bunch of crap. His movements are blocked, the voice of the clown is jostling in his head.

- "Fuck that shit !"

He takes left. You understand that he does not manage to get very far at the sound of his cry of terror. Only a wall lamp gives you the opportunity to witness Ray's shadow, solidly harpooned by Pennywise, who holds his prey with pride. You see the man trying to free himself from his grip desperately, wiggling like a worm on a hook. The bulb flickers, then burns out. In almost total darkness, a disgusting and viscous sound suggests that blood splattered on the wall. You think the man is dead, but you can still hear his yells choked in his sobs and groans of suffering. The sounds diminish progressively, as if Pennywise was dragging him somewhere else. Your eyes can no longer fight against fainting.

...

When you wake up, the first thing you see is this little spider that has lodged on the ceiling just above your bed since a month. Usually, you can't stand the idea of sleeping knowing that animals are roaming around your room. But you got used to that one. She became a kind of roommate. You even gave it a name. Loneliness is a heavy weight on the shoulders, obviously. Lying on your back, your coat is laid on

you as a cover. Your head which seems to weigh a ton, oscillates from left to right, taking a last look around to reassure you: yes, it's your home. You get up painfully rubbing your eyes.

- "You are still there... Waiting for a little snack?" you speak to your room-maid, still a little dizzy.

- "She's not the only one."

You jump at the sudden appearance of Pennywise above you, and you move back to the end of the bed.

- "Wakey wakey little girl," Pennywise simpers, finding it funny to wake you up as if you were a child. It must be said that even if you are in your twenties, everyone is flabbergasted each time you announce your age, as if you appeared to be still a kid physically, which tends to annoy you.

- "I didn't mean to scare you. Did I ?..." he says with a broad smile, amused by the irony of the thing.

He stands on his hands and knees on your bed and moves slowly like a feline who spotted a forbidden delicacy while the back of his owner is turned, busy with something else. His face is close enough so you can study the details of his makeup. The crackings of his painted skin, much more consequent on the skull, remind you of a feeling of chaos, of decomposition even. As if "It" could shed his skin in front of you at any time and reveals its true appearance, so hideous that even nightmares would not have allowed you to show it. The cracks contrast with the uniform flamboyant lipstick, so neatly drawn on his luscious mouth, extended by these two sharp lines that rise and pierce his eyes, forming like the horns of the devil.

- "How did you bring me back without... I mean..." you stutter, still having trouble to put your thoughts in order.

- "This is one of my many secrets you do not need to know" interrupts Pennywise, saving you the trouble to continue. "It's not like you're able to reproduce my talents, anyway."

You pout.

- "Would you prefer that I took you to the hospitals?"

- "And how am I supposed to explain your marking of territory?" you ask lightly, showing your bruises.

- "Look on the bright side : it gives you a good excuse to avoid them" he jokes, offering you his cute little laugh of a pretense of nice clown, perfectly executed, fine-tuned for centuries.

You stare at him. Did it really happened ? He really intervened... for you?

- "Why did you save me?" you inquire, uncertain whether it was a good question to raise or not.

- "Oh, I didn't," Pennywise says instantly, the tone full of mischief. "Only... his fear radiated a thousand times more than yours ..."

His voice is full of fascination. But it's always like that when he starts talking about fear. It's as if this is the only real ingredient of his life. The one that spices - literally and figuratively - all his existence.

- "Maybe I should even thank you for that," he continues.

He sits astride you.

- "But I must admit that..."

His face, so far jovial, seems suddenly exceeded. His right hand brushes the scratches on your face. The other comes to lay on your groin, goes up gently to the abdomen, where the man gave you a knee. You wince, swallowing the pain.

- "I hate the sight of these marks... Only I can inflict this to you," he jealously grumbles, as if you were his property.

You stay silent for a moment. There is nothing to be pleased about. And yet... He's the reason you could escape the clutches of that bastard. That bastard?... What about Pennywise ?

*"Listen to yourself, damn it !"*



Why did you have to fall for this creature who kills children without remorse, the least pity? Do you feel so alone that you'd accept to be satisfied with a totally immoral and unjustified situation? If only that was the case, maybe it would reassure you even a little bit. But the truth is different. The fear by seeing Pennywise is there, it never leaves you, but it is a morbidly attractive fear. He is like one of those myths, a magnetic predator, a perilous creature who has the gift to lure you to him. Even if you are aware of not approaching it, even if you know that death is waiting for you. Contemplating him, you have the impression that every detail is made to seduce you. Yes, he lives in the sewers, but when he catches you and holds you against his body... Only the appetizing odors of the circus emanate from him. Sometimes, he uses a voice so hoarse but so sensual that arouses you at each pronounced syllable. And his look... The look is something you have always attached importance. This one has the power to petrify you, to prevent you from looking elsewhere regardless of the state of mind in which you're in when you cross his sparkling eyes with malicious interest.

You want to speak again, but you feel that your voice can start to shake at any moment. You gather all your efforts not to let the emotion overwhelm you. *Never show a sign of weakness in front of the others again. Even less in front of Pennywise*

- "Pennywise?" you finally emit, so imperceptibly that Pennywise gets his face closer.

- "Mmmmh?" he exhales, perking up the ear, a smile on his lips again.

- *"Thank you."*

And without a warning, you press your lips fiercely against his for a desperate kiss. Usually you never dare to kiss him unless he's in the mood for it. You can imagine that he must hate that. That he abhors all that is sweet. But you feel a real trance rising inside of him. And you knew why. For the first time, exploring in the heart of his oral cavity, your taste buds are stimulated by a flavor that is not unknown to you, but which is certainly not part of your daily meals. Blood. Your eyes widen in amazement, and you can see that Pennywise looks at you, searching for reactions. Disoriented, you momentarily interrupt the kiss. You realize that it is certainly the blood of your

late aggressor. Pennywise keeps coming back by opening his mouth with greater intensity, sinking his tongue deeper in your throat to tint you with this scarlet sap. It flows peacefully in your trachea and you can not resist, because being able to taste the drink of this punished criminal arouse you terribly. Savoring every moment the idea that you do not feel shame, Pennywise revels in your carnal desires, before breaking the kiss crudely. You swallow between two jerky breathes, the excitement taking your breath away.

- "You're lucky..." he announces seductively as his hands grip surreptitiously the rest of your blouse in tatter.

- "I'm in the mood to please you tonight."

He tears it, exposing your bare chest that is already longing for his caresses. You inhale by the vivacity of his gesture.

- "There was nothing we could do for it, I'm *so sorry*," he squints and curves his lips down, feigning sadness and crying.

- "Hey, I liked this blouse..." If you're actually going to regret this beautiful item of clothing, you still pinch your lips to avoid laughing at Pennywise's irresistible jokes.

His hands are teasing on your bust. He knows your weak spot. He knows all of them. With the tips of his fingers, he draws various winding paths and travels on your flesh without ever touching the area you expect so much. You feel like transformed into an ice statue when a ruby glow in his eyes pierce yours.

- "Drink every last drop first," he claims.

Without any disgust, you do not hesitate to lick your mouth sprinkled with blood. It must be acknowledged... It is surprisingly tasty. Sugary.

The clown begins to grab your breasts and massage them back and forth. He presses them, lifts them, captures them in his big hands. The fabric's sensation of his silky gloves makes you thrill deliciously. His face takes refuge in the center of your chest to give you various hickies. His orange hair tickles you slightly under the chin. It smells

nicely like cotton candy. It even looks like it a bit. But Pennywise intends to offer you another kind of sweets as you are an adult.

He precises your guilty pleasure by lingering over your nipples. Nimbly, he entertains himself by pulling them towards him without hurting you, to pinch them, then graze the hardened tips with the tips of the thumbs very slightly. Alternating hot and cold sensations, his heated breath wraps your nipples to release them the second after, the chilly air of the room instantly stiffening them. His touch is so addictive.

An inexplicable but very pleasant sensation that has been unknown to you for a long time - you didn't even get to feel it- begins to emerge down your belly. It spreads out abundantly inside of you-probably like the butterflies when you fall in love- you think without really knowing it. In your turn, your hands can not help but feel Pennywise who continues to suck you, pressing your hard nipples with his subtle tongue. You are desperate for a real physical contact by trying to sneak under his clothes, but he grabs your wrists vigorously. He never lets you browse under his outfit, so your curiosity is always solicited. Apart from that, Pennywise doesn't see any interest. Only the essential needs to be undressed. And that will not be long.

With his herculean strength, he tackles you to the bed. His large size creates shade all over you. You're expecting a remonstrance, but his indelible smile is animated by many things, except dissatisfaction.

- "It feels good, isn't it? Having the life of another resting in your hands and to feel it burn inside of you... You liked that..."

- "N-no ..." You protest weakly with an almost non-existent credibility.

- "Oh really ?" His smile widens.

He lets go one of your wrists to lower your pants. With his forefinger, he grasps the piece of fabric that hides your intimacy like a hook, and stretches it to the extreme.

- "That's not what your mouth down here is answering me."

- "That's not true..." you object again with hardly more eloquence.

His other hand comes to scrape the smooth-flowing liquid. With a barely concealed pride, he exposes to your sight, while you're biting your lips with embarrassment, the substance that stretches between his fingers.

- "And do not try to deny it once more, you were already in that state before I even touched you," he argues, highlighting your secretions in a peremptory way.

The panties come to whip against your lips when he releases it at once, resulting in shuddering your pelvis.

His hands come back to grip your wrists. Above you, you examine his gigantic stature that sometimes you fear, sometimes admire. The seam of his costume espouses your fine lingerie. Through these thin layers of textiles, your private parts are now pressed against each other. And slowly but surely, Pennywise begins to wriggle his hips up and down. Your sheepish face has no choice but to move on to a face eager for desire. The mouth ajar, your breath carries the pleasure flowing inside you under the friction of his hardening sex. Your awakened senses now enliven your whole being. Unable to hold in place, your legs are arching, spreading to allow maximum space to his crotch swaying erotically, then close feverishly against his slender stature. The rhythm increases, the pressure too, so much that you feel the pulsations of his member against your clitoris which sets alight in no time. These beatings of his passion against you... That drives you crazy. A single thought repeats itself in a loop in your brain, a thought that Pennywise knows only too well. A filament of saliva escapes from his mouth and ends up on your chest.

- "My little thing ..." he claims in a creepy purring, similar to the monster he is.

- "I-I'm not little..." you stammer pitifully.

Your sense of priorities makes the clown laugh spontaneously. Within seconds, Pennywise lays on top of you. He continues to sway his hips but in a slower pace, barely touching your vagina, as if to titillate you once more. With a steady hand, he traps your cheeks and leans over

to whisper something close to your eardrum. Goosebumps invade you when you hear worrying noises. You can guess that his smile increases even more, abnormally, exposing sharp teeth which high-pitched ringing, like clanging blades, resonate in your ear. Even though these sounds remain relatively unobtrusive, it's still so disturbing that you remain vigilant to the point of not noticing the thunderstorm beginning to roar outside. That's when an implacable judgment is murmured perniciously :

- "But you remain a *thing*, don't you?", as if it were naturally in the order of things. At least, *his* order of things. In all likelihood, the superior being enjoys the alternation between hot and cold on you in many ways. No, you are not a thing. But you don't say anything. Hard to rebel when a diabolical divinity is aiming at you in such a cleverly crafted and exciting way. Waiting for an answer that doesn't come, Pennywise puts his forehead against yours, and even if his face is normal, you remain convinced of not having imagined his profile twisted by dementia a few seconds ago. Seized by a cheerful mood again, he gives you a brief wink. Snaking, he descends down your body by licking it slightly with the tip of his sharp tongue.

- "I see... It's because I am having such an effect on you that you can't think properly," he boasts in the greatest triumphalism, approaching your libido.

Your underwear land on the tiles. He buries his mighty hands under your voluptuous buttocks. His fleshy lips are approaching your wet vulva. True to his nature, he's amusing himself by painting you with saliva, the outer lips, the inner lips, giving random licks like a blind person groping around in search of something. He devours every inch of your sex. Trapping the hood between his two pointed incisors, he uncovers the head of the clitoris and playfully goes through your crucial expectation rather too quickly, the first stop to pleasure. Your legs are shaking, you content yourself with his warm breeze blowing on your lust. Before he does anything, he raises his head to take a last transfixing look at you.

- "Or maybe because you're finally becoming like me," he concludes, his voice dripping with amorality.

You feel like my throat is constricted thinking by this possibility. The

clown lets this uncomfortable image eat at you a few moments before chasing it by flinging himself at your pleasure button like a hungry animal. Released from his grip, your arms are moving without having any idea where to go. Your hips thrust spasmodically under his irresistibly soft oral caresses. You can not repress the urge to watch him focus meticulously on your clit, tightening his possessive embrace, with a solid grip. You already visualize the weight of his body on yours making you melt like snow under the sun. Succumbing body and soul to his dominance, while your temperament had sworn to belong to no one, never sensing to be confronted with it in this way. In places, your skin turns red, especially your breasts sporting the fantasy of being crunched like two toffee apples. If that was the definition of Hell, then you were doomed to walk through the gates of your own free will. You are now convinced that humans always personify evil with repulsive drawings and writings, but if men had been fighting sin since always, it was precisely for a reason? Evil does not only live in the abyssal depths, of course not, it's everywhere: wearing a costume, bewitching like the singing of the Sirens. But now that you are caught in the nets of this eternal tracker, what will happen? Or rather, *when* will it happen? Every day, you struggle to etch this inevitable fact into your head to never lose sight of the perilous situation waiting for you with open arms. To be ready to fight back. If only your common sense stopped retreat once and for all ...

Your reason is dismissed by the ability of the clown to delight your lustful thoughts. Your hips instinctively arch in his direction to give him better access as he continues to polish your little gem with avidity, inhaling your excitement. His tongue dances, swirls diligently. The fever intensifies in your clit being in the grip of explosion, your breathing punctuated by this unstoppable rush of adrenalin. But that's without counting Pennywise, who voluntarily decides to separate from your volcano yet so close to the eruption.

- "Turn around," he commands with a raspy voice.

Panting, his reaction completely disorients you. You moan, a desperate hand stretched out towards him, as if you are suspended above the edge of a precipice.

- "B-But ..."

He curdly turns you over with a groan meaning, "*Do not argue with me.*" You naively envision that you can escape his supervision by giving yourself the orgasm. But Pennywise rarely lacks lucidity, even when he gives himself over to his deepest pleasures. And so, he hastily raises your waist to prevent any friction from triggering your ignored request. The waiting becomes execrable, he wants to release his sex as soon as possible. Eyes closed, tongue on the lips, you let your imagination shape the image of his virility approaching your entrance like in one of your dreams. Except that it's not a dream, he is really here, leaning on you. The only obstacle between you and him is this silk cloth that compresses all his appetite. One of his hands crushes your head against the blanket, while the other takes care of clearing an opening, just enough to allow his member out. Your hair stands on the end when, with a calculated slowness, he slips into your irrigated canal. Grumbling with jubilation, his nails through his gloves are sinking into your skin. Your fingers passionately compress the quilt as he begins to move deeply back and forth, in and out, but in a methodically moderate tempo. His cock penetrates you as far as he can, and comes out almost completely. Letting out muffled moans through the blanket, you continue to hope that the penetration will release this pressing sensation, trapped in this tiny area. Instead, it's like your excitement is maintained boiling. It's horribly frustrating, but so exhilarating at the same time. Timidly, you slightly turn the head to look out of the corner of your eye and take advantage of the rapture's vision of his slender figure that waving against you, in such a way that it is almost artistic. Your tearful eyes try to retain the pleading,

in vain. It doesn't take long for him to notice, he chuckles with vanity.

- "What's happening, little one ? Is it missing something ?"

He incites you to rest on your elbows and takes your head away wrapped up in the bed linen that only allows you thin drafts to breathe properly. One of his hands puts your hair to one side. With voluptuousness, it caresses along your neck before wrapping it, without tightening. When his soft tongue spreads flood of saliva on the hollow of your neck, you understand that he still does not intend to fulfill your needs. But rather to bring back an imperishable

memory. Your first time with him.

With the sole aim of making you surrender, he had fun titillating you for over an hour. You thought you could resist, but he managed to subdue you. You stared at him, intimidated by his size.

- *"I promise you it won't hurt,"* he said.

Before merging your bodies, his dilated pupils glowed with cruelty. These long minutes spent just to satisfy you, it deserved a compensation. His necessary step.

- *"On the other hand, I can't guaranty that it will be the same here."*

And indeed, he had kept his promise. If there was pain below, it was unappealing compared to the one that hit your shoulder. A fearsome row of teeth had bitten you unceremoniously at the same time he had penetrated you. The throbbing pain was indescribable. You didn't know what it might look like; an electric discharge or, if your shoulder suddenly caught fire. It was only after he left, that you felt the benefits of his passage in your lower abdomen. Getting used to it was inconceivable. However, he had come back, naturally. Each time, this just got better and better. From that, was born an unfathomable mystery, which was Pennywise having this art of mixing terror and pleasure.

Your face is tense, apprehending this fatality. Far from the bestiality that you had been able to endure before, as in an unthinkable act of clemency, his sharp teeth sink soberly in your flesh. Just enough to sip a few drops from your precious liquor soaked in fear.

*Such an exquisite inexhaustible source of fear...*

Savoring the control he has over you, he stops his regular movement a few times to form circles against your inner walls, massaging the smooth and rougher parts, reinventing new sensations of pleasure endlessly. You relax very quickly, your head wedged in the palm of his hand is rocked. You spread your thighs, encouraging him to dig deeper in your spongy walls.

In a sudden awareness, your eyes widen to reflect the flash of an



inner torment. This happens sometimes, fortunately, it gives you faith that you still have a part of... normality. You think helplessly of this interrogation coming from nowhere like an unexpected and heavy slap.

*Is it really... me?*

A sneer is quick to echo in your throat. As a lively telepath, this reflection could never have lost the creature's predispositions. But even without having the gift of reading in minds, it would have been easy for Pennywise to decipher your impulse of anxiety at the sight of your expressive perplexity.

- "Of course it's you (insert your name). It's *always* been you," he says after removing his teeth carefully.

Ready to face you with *fait accompli*, his sex finally leaves your home sweet home to rub energetically against your clit. Your breath accelerates uncontrollably, your heart beats so hard against your chest and your muscles stiffen. You feel that you are finally close... The orgasm suddenly arises, but the clown sees no limits for himself. Tirelessly, he continues to rub against your organ now hypersensitive, so ticklish that your waist jumps in all directions, no longer tolerating direct contact. Your hands are trying to free yourself from this tortuous jubilation, but he grabs your arms and pull them backwards. After all, isn't it what you wanted ? Your voice, muffled in your throat until then, is now projected all over the room, unable to contain the surging waves of pleasure that invade you. With the firm intention to give you no respite, he quickly plunges back into your tunnel, already so tight, becoming narrower by the vagina's contractions. He speeds up, taking advantage of your muscles tightening your embrace around his penis deliciously. You can't take it anymore but you don't want him to stop, you never thought you would ever feel that way... Without knowing it, you will make a mistake. Ask for another favor, but above all, out loud.

- "T-take me a-against the wall..." you moan, dazed for being able to pronounce a word between hasty and noisy breaths.

At the end of these words, Pennywise does not let a single back and forth movement pleases you more, and removes himself brutally.

Completely out of breath, you're trying to calm your creeping body, receptive to the extreme. You feel like your head is empty, and you don't understand what's going on. Rain is beating against the window. The piercing sound of thunderbolts shake your mind. Stunned, you convince yourself to confront the clown's look from below. His stern look untangles your confusion.

- "I know what I said just before our little game... But you're starting to develop annoying habits." his voice is calm, but imperious.

It was stronger than you, it just slipped out. But what's done is done. Obviously, Pennywise took it as an obligation, when he had just rewarded you with a wish. His erection slides along your slit.

- "First, you contradict everything I say... Now you're giving me order..." he accuses, the tone mixed with two shades, both playful and dark.

- "I'm sorry... I didn't mean to..."

A shock wave splits your words as he slaps your vagina.

- "Do not forget who saved your skin tonight," he says sarcastically, as if he needed an argument to place his desire before yours.

- "I don't... I don't..." you whine.

His penis taps mockingly your entry. He makes sure you can't enjoy it anymore, and continues to satisfy his own pleasure by lodging his member in your plumber butt, his hands kneading your generous forms.

- "How badly you want it ? Show me."

Still taken aback, you have no idea what to answer or how to act. Feverishly, you can only expose an open rose, gorged by the morning dew but which thorny stem would have been savagely ripped off.

- "Reformulate your request," he commands authoritatively.

You hesitate a few moments before speaking again nervously.

- "Take me against the wall..."

He retaliates again on your vagina, more violently than the first time.

- "Ah -!"

- "I didn't hear anything."

- "Please, take me against the wall ! I need you... Please..." you say urgently, in one last attempt.

His look remains fixed above your shaky body. Suspended in time, seconds pass interminably. He fills his lungs under the incessant undulation of his cock against your plumber butt. His libido increases, but he tries his hardest to hide the vibrations that your tender flesh can offer. He is determined to leave some doubt a little more. To make you languish in his process, to the point that you notice the tiniest details, until your alarm clock's distant *tick-tock* sound. It's only when he's sufficiently delectable of your malleability that he finally decides to return you, showing a disconcerting smile of innocence, so childish.

- "All right (insert your name)! All you had to do was ask nicely! You'd almost forgotten the *magic word*."

He catches you below the knees to drag you to the edge of the bed. Your chest sticks like a magnet against his, your arms around his neck. Effortlessly, he picks you up as if you're light as a feather. He carries you towards the wall at a provocative pace, gradually reducing the distance by emphasizing each steps.

- "Of course the clown will realize your fantasies. He will even give you a balloon. A red one. Your favorite color, right ?"

Thick-skinned, you nod docilely, hiding your head in the hollow of his neck like a kid who shyly hides under his mother's skirt. The concrete's coldness hits your skin.

- "Now, now. Lift your head, little one."

You sense that this short speech has a very specific purpose, so you do as he says.

- "It's not every day that we get to enjoy the show while contributing to it," he says, showing the mirror at the opposite the room.

Eyebrows curving upward, you devour the reflection of his languid posture against you with your eyes. The situation cannot be contested.

- "I know you love to watch."

Your attention can not help but stare at his erection, vibrating on your pubis. Your body had time to calm down, but it is still insatiable. It begs for him. Your open lips call to fill this hole in your body, but there's more. You need to feel alive. To trade this apathetic life for a lot of emotions. And Pennywise does. Your thoughts are lost in the captivating reflection of his body, both powerful and elegant, unleashing on you. Your heart is pounding again, you swallow with difficulty while you watch this irresistible thrusts making you more wet than ever. The sounds are exciting you even more: his skin slapping against yours with passion, your back ruthlessly hitting the wall, the splashing liquid, his erratic and erotic voice that jubilates from the heat of your cavity. Determined to keep the fire going, he massages all your sensitive points tirelessly. His incisors nibble your helix. He says that you belong to him, ordering your tongue to free all your unconfessed fantasies. Your eyelids struggle more and more not to close, but this frenzy takes away that lack of control you had before. This feeling inside you, it's like an urgency, without any time limit. It's so good that you are unable to define whether you want him to make you come right away or make the pleasure last indefinitely. Your legs lock around him as you feel his cock swelling. One of your hands is concealing the effusion of little cries but Pennywise removes it immediately, he wants to hear you expeling your devotion. In the dazzling light of thunderbolt, you briefly glimpse the glitter of his golden pupils before they roll upwards, reaching the point of no return. When he ejaculates, his hands hold you so possessively that you can't move. Your vision blurs as his hot seed fills you completely, sending jolts of intense euphoria rippling through your body. He holds you firmly for a minute before letting you go.

Spasmodically, you slide along the wall. Uncontrollable shudders are making you squirm on the frozen ground. It feels like Pennywise is

still inside you, fucking you relentlessly. You don't want to show it, but these sensations are too strong to hold the pearls of tears forming at the corner of your eyes. The emotion overwhelms you, and you burst into tears.

- "P-Pennywise ?..."

It has become almost a ritual. When he's finished with you, and only when you dare to open your eyes again saying his name, he's gone. But not this time. He's there. Straight as an arrow, he looks serious, mouth ajar, without moving an inch. Looks like he's about to jump on you, but certainly not in the same way as before. You suddenly feel very embarrassed. As if modesty was back, you cross your legs and your arms to cover your nakedness, in a fetal posture. You try to decipher what he may have in mind but as always, you fail and fear catches you. Indeed, Pennywise is thinking kind of loudly right now. At the beginning of your meeting, and all he had to do through spite. Not that sex is an unpleasant chore, far from it. He also needs to satisfy his urges. It is rather these courting rituals that he strives to execute in order to maintain your attraction towards him. But above all, being obliged to do it with a human. Livestock. But before it's livestock, it's always a toy. And like all toys: there are some that are used only once before putting it back to the box, and others until the wear. Pennywise had been attracted by your juvenile appearance, your crystalline skin. He almost forgets that you are an adult every time. You are afraid of clowns, so he decided - to his delight - to haunt you with his favorite disguise. Unfortunately for him, a certain fascination interfered in the meantime. Pennywise was furious at first, but he absolutely didn't want to let you go. The idea of giving up on a prey had never crossed his transcendent mind. Never mind. He knew how to be patient. And that would make the hunting more interesting. It turns out that your stubbornness would give him an intense craving for a new challenge: to thwart the complexity of adult fears. He was going to cater to your every whim, making sure to satisfy his own before everything. You already felt insignificant, but Pennywise had the intention to add his personal touch: he was going to revel in making you impure. He only has to lay eyes on you for a few seconds, you are scattered with bruises and bites. And you want more. He was going to make you somebody with no self-esteem, eradicate everything that made you proud to exist anyway. A lonely

human, certainly, but set in your ways. With values. He would be there to give you that affection you sorely missed. Ensure that such beautiful lies degrade you.

But never, ever, let your passion take over all the regrets and shame that you will feel in the future, that you are already experiencing now. Right here, right now. You just came out from orgasm, savored the slightest touch every second. But now you are fearful. You're not shaking with desire, but because you're afraid. Your fists clenched, glued nervously to your mouth nibbling your fingers, it looks like you're begging him to spare your life. Added to this something new, a paradoxical conflict, well desired by the creature : not to leave.

In the past, his silence and absence was a source of respite. It was gradually becoming a torture.

*"Say something, anything."*

Very soon, you will be disgust of what you've become. But you will also be terrified at the idea that Pennywise abandons you like an animal left by the side of a road. You only will be able to hang on to him. His sibylline smile resurfaces. Yes... He was going to make you *the tastiest* adult he's ever had.